

TERMS.

The "SOUTHERN BANNER" is published weekly at Four Dollars in advance, or Six Dollars at the end of the year. No subscription will be received for less than six months; nor will discontinuance be made until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per square, (ten lines or less) for the first time, fifty cents for each continuance.

Notices addressed to the editor or publisher, business must be paid in order to secure insertion.

Advertisements will be required for all Job Work done at office as soon as delivered.

All Communications involving personal matters, will be (if inserted) charged as advertisement double price. And must, in all cases, be paid for in advance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKING A WIDOW IN CHURCH.

We extract the following from an article in the last number of Bentley's Miscellany, entitled "Mungo Mackay, the Practical Jokester by a Blue Nose."

There is no part of the world where a preacher, whether new-light, or blue-light, produces a greater sensation than in the church, though after he is gone, the people release into their quiet Unitarian paths.

They have no objection to wander out in search of any novelty in religion, if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay him the compliment of hearing him as he has got to say. They happened during the period of which I am speaking, one of the wandering theological missionaries, blazing around Boston, and people of every lane and by-way flocked to see it.

With pieces of smoked glass in their hands, and with ten-cent-pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box by way of offering fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the possession of pews for which the owners had paid, were entirely broken down; and those who came late set down in places left to them by those who had already departed.

One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times. His seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, sat bolt upright, his arms extended with an apparent desire of unnatural rigidity down by his sides.

He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to him, and in a little time the whole church was overflowing. The psalm sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He particularly on the requirement of the precept of brotherly love, upon the duties which arises, not only from close naked and feeding the hungry but attention to the minute and grateful of which the thorny path is softened.

In the longer language of the sermon in such matters, "there was not a dry place," the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept, and the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one was busy with their hankerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a good Moses, had by the strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts.

He held his arms stiff and straight, and half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not to observe this, for in addition to the evidences of deep feeling which he exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face.

Straggled, flitted, looked confused and restless, but raised no hand, searched for hankerchief, and seemed to be in deep grief. At length a young widow lady rose beside him, remarked that he was a man, and—heaven bless the female who always melts at any mysterious sorrow—one or two downcast looks and long pauses, said she in an under tone, "You appear to be unwell."

"Madam," breathed Mackay in a low voice, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to raise my hand away."—In an instant a fair hand came into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of rose, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan, to rejoice in the first opportunity of doing what had been so recently preached, began to polish them with right good grace. When she had done, M. Looked up, and whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she could.

The novelty of the request was nothing of the widow was proud of her attitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done one kind action, seems always eager to do another. Mackay's white hand and white handkerchief, and the fact that it was completely enveloped in the whole of the cambric, he gave such a squeeze to the whole church ring—it was, in the language of the hymn, the deacons put on spectacles to see what could be the result in an instant every eye was turned to Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the whole church, being so intent upon her object, she was confounded by the general notice she had acquired, still convulsively grasping the handkerchief.

There were hundreds of persons there who looked at Mackay and his propensities well, and a glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played upon the church.

A general titter now ran round the place. "Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above. At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow up to this point feelings strong in the consciences of having performed a virtuous action upon a good face, heeded not the gaze of the curious nor the smiles of the mirthful; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from his seat, lifted up one from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat pocket for his gloves! Though the unkindest cut was yet to come, for Mackay having drawn them out and opened the pew door, turned, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear: "Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have?"

THE COMPASSIONATE MERCHANT. "James," said a worthy merchant on Main Street to his clerk the other morning, "Go down to Water St., to Mr. ———, and tell him his rent must be paid to-day. I can't wait any longer, as he's already two quarters in arrear."

The clerk obeyed the direction, and soon came back with great appearances of milkiness about the eyes.

"Mrs. ——— wants to see you, sir, about that rent, very much, sir."

The merchant happily was at leisure and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed, in an insensible stage of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire, apparently preparing some simple aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in the corner. His approach was unnoticed.

"Ma," said one of the little urchins, "when he goes to get breakfast?"

"Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tell."

The merchant advanced.

"My good woman—my good woman—ahem—that is"—and the worthy man felt very much like choking—he grasped his pocket book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

"James," said he again to his clerk, "take this order to Mr. ———, and tell him have the provisions delivered immediately."

The merchant felt much better than he would have done, if he had got his rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would dislike it, and we could not for all the world offend him.—*Buffalonian.*

It would be much gratification, to have the opportunity of recording numerous instances similar to the above. We hope the day is not far distant, when the Maxim of the Apostle to the Gentiles will be universally practised upon—"Let the strong bear the burden of the weak." The promises contained in the bible, to the benevolent man, are neither few nor of small import; for the scriptures emphatically declare, that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," with numerous other passages of a similar nature.

THE DELIGHTS OF TOOTH PULING. "Well Bridget," says Margery, "how did you get along with the Docther—what did you say til him—and what did he do til you?"

Bridget—It's nothing he did, til me, nor I did til him, that's all—only, says I, Och docther, docther dear it's me tooth that aches intirely, and I've a mind to have it drawn out, and it plaze ye, 'Do it pane ye,' says he til me—'Oh murther can you ax me that now, and me all the way down here to see ye about it,' says I—'Sure have I slept day or night, these three days? Haven't I tried all means to quit the jumping devil? Didn't they tell me to put raw brandy in me mouth, though it's far from the likes of me to be drinking the brandy without provocation, or by accident.' So the docther took his instruments in a hurry, with a little consarnment of mind as Barney would swape the knives and forks from the table.

'Be aisy, docther,' says I, 'there's enough—you'll not be in such a hurry when your turn comes; I'm thinking 'O, well,' said the docther, 'and yer no ready now you may come the morrow.'

'Indade docther I'll not stir from this seat, wid this ould tooth alive in me jaw,' say I, 'so you may jest prepare, but you need no come slashing at a christian body, as if ye would wring her neck off first and draw her tooth at her convenience afterwards. Now clap on your pinchers, but mind ye get hold of the right one—ye may aisyly see it by its akin and jumpin.' 'O,' says he, 'I'll get the right one,' and with that he jabs a small razor looking weapon into my mouth and cut up my gums as if it were naught but cold mate for hash for breakfast. Says I, 'Docther, thunder all blood—for my mouth was full of blood—what are ye after? D'ye want to make an anatomy of a living creature, ye grave robber ye?' 'Sit still,' says he, jamming something like a cork sewed into my jaw, and twisting the very soul out of me.

I sat still because the muttering thafe held me down with his knee and the grip of his iron in my lug. He then gave me one awful wring, hard enough to wring a wet blanket as dry as gunpowder. Didnt I think the day of judgment was come til me?—Didnt I see the red fire of the pit? I felt me head fly off me sholders, and looking up, saw something monstrous bloody in the docther's wrenching iron. 'Is that my head you've got there,' says I—'No it's only yer tooth,' he made answer. 'May be it is,' said I, as me eyes began to see to out side of my face on, though I felt as if all the other side had been hauled out. I had taken a dollar and a half to pay for the operation—thinking it would be enough for a poor woman; but I thought I'd just ax him the price. So says I, 'Docther, how much may ye ax besides the trouble?' 'Fifty cents,' says he, 'fifty cents!' says I, 'sure I've not been submitting three days to that tyrant of a tooth for fifty cents. Troth, this same tooth pulling is not so expensive, and I'm much obliged til ye, docther?'

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—When Mr. CAMBERLING moved, on Saturday (the 2d inst.) night's sitting, that the house go into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, to take up certain appropriation bills—

Mr. Chambers asked to withdraw the motion to enable him (Mr. C.) to make a statement; and Mr. Chamberling having withdrawn his motion, Mr. Chambers said the statement he wished to make related to a matter affecting himself, in some degree, and would therefore, barely submit it to the House to do in the matter what might seem right and proper. He said he had for some weeks past, and during the last session, been waylaid about the rotunda and on the stairs and passages of the Capitol by a lean, hungry, starved-looking man, who met him at every turn, and the vision of whose ghastly face haunted him even in his hours of rest. This man has been one of the real laboring men—a sub-contractor—who had M'Adams the beautiful avenue immediately in front of the Capitol during a period of deep calamity and distress in the city, when the cholera prevailed. The superintendent of the work having received the right to abrogate the contract for any delay or suspension of the work, refused to permit the contractor to suspend it, but sent physicians among them to advise them not to work early in the morning or late in the evening, and not to work hard at any time. Disease, death, and alarm dispersed the greater part of the operative force, the contractor was ruined, and the sub-contractor was involved in all the worst consequences of the failure, and in debt for a great part of the labor.

He had repeatedly been imprisoned for debt, and separated from an interesting family for want of bread to feed them; disease had followed, and the man was now, and had been, for many months here soliciting justice at the hands of the Government, in a state of actual suffering for the comforts of life, while this Government owed him upwards of five thousand dollars, which for years has been begging for—yes, begging for justice—for he is broken in spirit, and suffering has almost made him mad. The Senate (Mr. C. said) had at last passed a bill for his relief, and this day while the House was in session, the committee over which he had the honor to preside (and it was a high honor to preside over that committee, for they earned their daily bread) had examined the bill, and ordered him to ask leave to report it without amendment, and ask a department from all the rules which might obstruct its commitment to a Committee of the Whole; and he would even ask that it should go to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. C. begged leave to add that he had some doubt whether this man had not to-day committed a breach of the privileges of the House, for which the Committee of Claims, emerged from their room, the poor fellow, as usual, was in waiting at the door in fear and trembling, and on being told the committee had decided to recommend to the House to pass his bill, and that every effort would be made to get it through, his sorrowful face turned pale as death, and the fountains of his eyes overflowed, and the members of the committee, without exception, though not greatly given to "the melting mood," joined in the poor fellow's undignified expression of feelings. He, unfortunate man, again saw in prospect his suffering wife and little ones, assembled around him, and himself free from the danger of a return to his prison—it depended upon the House whether it should be so or not.

[The good feelings of the House was manifested by a general cry of "leave, leave." The bill was afterwards specially taken up in committee, reported to the House, and passed after 4 o'clock in the morning.—*Nat. Int.*

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA. In Poland when a man is bit by a mad dog, a minute examination, instituted after a day or two, will bring to light a small red swelling, or a collection of minute pustules, under the tongue of the patient, which should be cut out, and strong caustic applied to the part. Our consul is acquainted with persons who have repeatedly witnessed the success of this mode of treatment; and, if it appear incredible, it is not more so than what is here asserted with confidence, the effect of cold water on the head, as antidote to prussic acid.—*Elliot's Travels.*

Civilization.—Thirteen pistols and bowie knife fights have occurred in Tuscaloosa, within sight of the Capitol, since the commencement of the present session of the Alabama Legislature.

Weekly Review.

A LESSON FOR COQUETS.

'We have a visitor to-day, said Lord Pallister to his niece, the lovely Elizabeth Pallister, who was on a visit of a week to her right hon. uncle.

'Who is it,' said the lady, 'a lady or gentleman?'

'A gentleman—Mr. Jones.'

'And who is Mr. Jones—is it Bumper Squire Jones, or the renowned Thomas?'

But we will save his lordship the trouble of describing who Mr. Jones was. He was simply Mr. Jones, of Piercefield in the county of Suffolk. Now this description is very short, but it is quite sufficient to describe Mr. Jones. It is evident he was not of very ancient gentility—had he been so, he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield Hall, or Piercefield Manor; he was not a retired merchant, or he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield House; neither could he have been a retired shop-keeper, or his house would have been dignified with the euphonic name of Rose Villa, or Bellevue Cottage, or Piercefield Lodge. But Mr. Jones' house was a very good house, it stood on a lawn only one hundred yards from the road-side, and the entrance gate was suspended between massive stone pillars, surmounted with round balls. It is therefore, evident that its owner was a man of small independent fortune, and that he was a gentleman by two or three descents. Now, Mr. Jones was a bachelor, his age twenty-five, his education such as he could obtain at a celebrated endowed school in the neighborhood; he was eminently handsome, but could not pretend to great abilities; but he was good natured and well disposed, and a special favorite of Lord Pallister.

Now, Miss Pallister, besides being a wit, was a little bit of a coquet—just sufficient of evil in her disposition to prevent her being an angel, but she was a very charming lady. She therefore debated with herself as to the course she should pursue with Mr. Jones, whether she should abash the poor squire by her satire, astonish him with her wit, or fascinate him by her condescension, and finally determined to be ruled by circumstances. Accordingly, after having been introduced to our squire, Miss Pallister occupied the five minutes which usually intervene between the completion of the toilet and the serving of dinner in surveying the fortress she meant to attack. 'Not at all distinguished in her appearance,' was her first thought, 'but the man is decidedly handsome,' her second.

People may talk of their appreciations of intellectual gifts, but there are few who are indifferent to personal beauty; and when Mr. Jones led the lady to the dining room he was favored with the sweetest of smiles, and during dinner, and until she had returned to the drawing room, she had directed the full battery of her charms and graces against Mr. Jones. She was witty without ill-nature, and vivacious without being rude; but when she was alone she confessed to herself that in all appearance her labor had been thrown away. Jones had listened to her conversation, but he had not expressed, and did not seem to feel, any great admiration of either her wit or her beauty; but his polite replies and accommodating affirmatives, were given with a degree of good-humored nonchalance that convinced Miss Pallister to her great mortification, that she had failed in her attack on the heart. 'A mere country squire to be thus invulnerable to charms which have driven all the fashionable world mad, thought she, is wonderful!' and Miss Pallister was not vain in so thinking—it was a fact. 'The man is not a fool either, and the fellow is handsome. She colored, the star or rather the sun of fashion, was not surely losing her own heart without obtaining another in exchange. Phaw! it was ridiculous, but this did not prevent her, when the party re-assembled, from renewing her attack, and she again failed; for Jones, from the affects of mood wine and Miss Pallister's encouragement, had become rather talkative, and to her surprise he talked admirably well; though not brilliant, he had good sense, and read a great deal and had a good memory.

The evening soon passed away, and the lady on reviewing the events of the day, was mortified to confess, that not only had she made no impression on Mr. Jones but she began to suspect that her own heart was not invulnerable, she recollected that she had listened with pleasure to Jones' disposition on the Ptolemaic kings, she who had never listened for two minutes together to anybody—it was ominous.

The intercourse between the parties became daily of a more particular description, and Miss Pallister was highly delighted to find that she had subdued the stubborn heart of Jones. How she would tease him when he had been brought to confession. But to bring about this confession was more difficult than the lady expected. If she gave him encouragement in the presence of her uncle, Jones would follow her lead liskley enough; but alone he was grave, frigid, and polite—but alas! not loving. Now this was exactly the contrary of what Miss Pallister wished: she had no objection to coquet but she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, and if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any public coquetry, she must either, at once accept him or incur that nobleman's serious displeasure; and she was always uneasy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things came to a close, so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr. Jones had neither made a declaration nor seemed inclined to do so; and, left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but

lost her heart—and doubts and fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attentions elsewhere—and she burst into tears at the thought.

Now, Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should so completely outmaneuver a practised coquet like his niece. 'Jones likes the girl,' said his lordship to himself, 'and he shall have her, but let her suffer a little, and suffer she did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits. 'So,' said his lordship, 'she is in love at last, is she. I must give her another chance, I suppose?'

Lord Pallister's next letter mentioned incipient symptoms of gout and his affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked so horribly ill. 'Poor thing,' thought he, 'I must be merciful,' but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr. Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, and confessed at once her love, and besought him not to allude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

'It was wicked,' said she, because I intended to injure the happiness of a worthy man, and I suffer now justly.'

Lord Pallister thought to himself 'Thou art a good and worthy girl after all, and thou shalt be Mrs. Jones yet.'

Lords have great power no doubt, but how his lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr. Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.

THE PARTY OF FEDERALISTS.

'This has been the tone of Federalists from the origin of the government.'

Globe.

A political friend has asked us for the proof of the identity of the Van Buren party, and the old blue-light Federal party—This is plain enough to us in the present Federal practices and measures of the Van Buren party, but as a party is known also by its leaders, it is very easy to show that the Administration have accomplished just what Jefferson predicted the enemies of the country might, viz: crept into power in the real character of the Federalists, under the stolen disguise of a false name. Who are the leaders of this party?

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Who opposed the re-election of Mr. Madison during the war of 1812.

LEVI WOODBURY.

Who was elected Governor of New Hampshire in 1823, by the votes of the Federal party.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Who is the author of the severest libel upon the "Democratic party" and its leaders ever perpetrated.

REUEL WILLIAMS.

Who, it is said, assisted to burn James Madison in effigy, in 1812.

HENRY HUBBARD.

Who was prime mover in getting up the meeting at which delegates were chosen to the Hartford Convention from New Hampshire.

GARRET D. WALL.

Who said in the Senate, last year, there, sir, in the presence of the American people, I love that I was a Federalist, and acted with that party, zealously and actively, so long as their flag waved in New Jersey."

SAMUEL CUSHMAN.

Who, during the war, as reported in the N. H. Gazette, "hoped to God that every American soldier who marched to Canada would leave his bones there."

J. H. PRENTISS.

A Van Buren member of the House from New York, and during the war edited a paper at Cooperstown, from which the following extracts are taken:

"It is with great sensation of indelible pleasure that I find myself enabled to announce the complete triumph of the Federalists." If my humble efforts in the cause of my native country have produced the change in favor of Federalism, in this country, then have I arrived at the acme of my hopes, the summit of all my wishes. "The frightful Hydra of Democracy begins to drop its head before the Heaven derived spirit of Federalism." "Democracy!" a monster wild as that which roams the Libyan waters and joys to drench his tusks in blood—a pestilence which spreads contagion over the whole extent of our country—a pernicious blast that withers every thing it touches."

Governor KEMBLE, HENRY VALL, and John C. BROADHEAD, Van Buren members of the House are old Federalists; to which we may add Mr. BANCROFT, Collector of Boston, and W. WILKINS, late Van Buren Envoy to Russia.

C. J. INGERSOLL, Van Buren candidate for Congress in Philadelphia, said he "should have been a Tory" had he been capable of reason and reflection during the Revolutionary war.

RICHARD RUSH, late Van Buren Ambassador to London to receive the Smithsonian bequest, it is said, in Federal times actually mounted the black cockade!

The old Federal party then, is now the Van Buren party.

The Globe said truly, "the Federalists have abandoned their name, but have not relinquished their principles or objects."

LAW FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN ACT giving the President of the United States additional powers for the defence of the United States, in certain cases, against invasion, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States, be and is hereby authorised to resist any attempt on the part of Great Britain to enforce, by arms, her claim to exclusive jurisdiction over that part of the State of Maine which is in dispute between the United States and Great Britain; and for the purpose, to employ the naval and military forces of the United States and such portions of the militia as he may deem it advisable to call into service.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the militia when called into service of the United States by virtue of this act, or act of an act entitled "An Act to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, repel invasions, and to repeal the act now in force for those purposes," may, if in the opinion of the President of the United States the public interests require it, be compelled to serve for a term not exceeding six months after the arrival at their place of rendezvous, in any one unless sooner discharged.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That in the event of an actual invasion of the territory of the United States by any foreign power, or of imminent danger of such invasion discovered in his opinion, to exist before Congress can be convened to act upon the subject, the President be, and he is hereby, authorised, if he deem the same expedient, to accept the services of any number of volunteers not exceeding fifty thousand, in the manner provided for in "An act authorising the President of the United States to receive the services of volunteers, and to raise an additional regiment of dragoons or mounted riflemen," approved May 23rd., 1839.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That in the event of either of the contingencies provided for in this act, the President of the U. States shall be authorized to complete the public armed vessels now authorised by law, and to equip, man, and employ, in actual service, all the naval force of the United States; and to build, purchase, or charter, arm and equip, and man such vessels and steamboats on the Northern lakes and rivers whose waters communicate with the United States and Great Britain, as he shall deem necessary to protect the United States from invasion from that quarter.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That the sum of ten millions of dollars is hereby appropriated and placed at his disposal for the purpose of executing the provisions of this act; to provide for which the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow money on the credit of the United States, and to cause to be issued certificates of stock, signed by the Register of the Treasury, for the sum to be borrowed, or any part thereof, and the same to be sold upon the best terms that may be offered after public notice; the proposals for the same: Provided, That no engagement or contract shall be entered into which shall preclude the United States from reimbursing any sums thus borrowed after the expiration of five years from the first of January next; and that the rate of interest shall not exceed five per cent. payable semi-annually.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That the sum of eight thousand dollars, be and the same is hereby, appropriated, for outfit and salary of a special minister to Great Britain: Provided, The President of the United States shall deem it expedient to appoint the same.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That in the event of either of the contingencies provided for in the first and third section of this act, the President of the United States shall be authorized to apply a part not exceeding \$1,000,000 of the appropriation made in this act to repairing or arming fortifications along the seaboard and frontier.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That whenever militia or volunteers are called into the service of the United States, they shall have the organization of the army of the United States, and shall receive the same pay and allowances.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That the several provisions of this act shall be in force until the end of sixty days after the meeting of the first session of the next Congress, and no longer.

JAMES K. POLK.

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

WM. R. KING.

President pro tem. of the Senate.

APPROVED, March 30, 1839.

M. VAN BUREN.

A VOTE. We learn from the New Orleans Bee, that the passengers of the Steamboat Sultana, held a meeting in her cabin, for the purpose of voting upon the question of the next Presidency. The passengers were from Kentucky, Alabama, Indiana, Virginia, Mississippi, Maryland, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and North Carolina; and the vote stood, for Henry Clay 40, for Van Buren 2, for Harrison 0.

Southern Argus.

Self-Murder.—A man by the name of Johnson, a tailor by trade, was found dead in a lane at Elizabethtown, Va., a few mornings since, with a bottle of rum by his side.

West Tennessean.

Our readers are informed that a line or two is wanting here.—The Clock toke